

# THE VALENTINE DEMOCRAT

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THURSDAY, MAY 7, 1908.

## "SLIPPERY ELMER."

Elmer J. Burkett is called the senior senator from Nebraska, and though not very old in the harness he has forged to the front with the corporation interests at Washington. While yet a congressman he was considered safely a partisan that could be relied upon and he was entrusted with many inside conferences with the corporation political machine.

Recently he has been sailing in more boldly with Senators Aldrich, Hale and others of that stripe and they expected him to vote for two battleships only. But Teddy had recommended four and Burkett was reminded that he was a Roosevelt man and Nebraska was a Roosevelt state, and it would look better for him to vote for four battleships as there might be a sifting of Roosevelt's friends yet and he had better get in on the ground floor.

He could do that when it was put to him that way, and now he isn't so popular with the other fellows and his former affiliation with Aldrich and Hale factions has put him on the uneasy cushion.

It is rumored that this action has cost him considerable prestige.

"Slippery Elmer," as he has been called, seems quite appropriate.

Perhaps you heard some one boasting about how they'd sell coal to anyone for an accommodation when everyone else was out of coal and they'd not refuse anyone. No! Not one. But they'd refuse to sell a sick family, fearing they might not have the ready cash to plank down, and then take them a bouquet of flowers on Sunday, telling them to "trust in the Lord," and prate about this being the time of year to take bouquets to the sick. But, that's different again. Yes, and, well, they may not forget that these overtures will not smoothe the far back past that reminds one that "it's money you're after," after all, and, while you boast that you wouldn't refuse to sell,—there's the rub—if there's something in it. Oh no! No one believes that it is pure generosity and goodness of soul that prompts such motives. It's the almighty dollar—cold, hard

cash—that you're looking for, with apparent treacherous, scheming, designing motives to get it. Now, borrow a DEMOCRAT and read this about yourself and take a bunch of flowers to a sick room to keep them warm.

## Why Watterson is For Bryan.

(From an Editorial by Henry Watterson in the Louisville Courier-Journal.)

The New York newspapers, abounding in conceit and ignorance, and landlordism—some of them, as Parnell used to say of Ireland, from "absentee landlordism"—are at this time especially misleading and unfair. They have acquired the anti-Bryan habit, and seeing nothing the other side of Jordan, or Jersey, it seems impossible for them to adjust themselves to actual conditions and the rest of the country. They imagine that money will do all things and think that, as New York has the money New York should and will dominate all things. As a consequence of this delusion, both parties in the Empire state have dropped into the lowest depths of depravity—and very stupid depravity—now the republicans in alliance with Hearst, whom the head of the national administration, himself a great New Yorker, had stigmatized an anarchist and assassin, now the democrats fallen under the mudspell of the Murphys and Connors. The New York newspapers cannot escape their responsibility for this.

Truly, Dr. Elliot of Harvard hit the nail on the head when he declared that the need of the time is publicity. Theoretically, the people rule. In practice, things are done by a few gathered together well inside of lock and key, too often in a darkened chamber.

The shocking disclosures of the last three years make it quite certain that there has existed for a long time a conspiracy among a few allied Kings of Money, making their headquarters in and about New York to control the operations of both parties.

Throughout the long battle for a tariff for revenue only there continually appeared, always at the opportune moment in democratic councils, a mysterious presence in obstructions. Now it was Randall; now it was Barnum; now it was Whitney, and finally, it was Cleveland, throwing away the fruits of an educational campaign bravely fought and brought at the polls in 1892 to a triumphant conclusion. I do now believe that in 1904 this combine nominated Parker, a most able, upright man, with the purpose of electing him, but that the Roosevelt-Cortelyou strategy appearing upon the scene and revealing its masked batteries and hidden rifle pits, it sought safety for itself and abandoned Parker to his fate.

One of the issues in the campaign before us, is the emancipation of the country from the suspicion no less than the actuality of thralldom to this dishonest influence.

And this brings me to Mr. Bryan.

It will be remembered that one year ago, when the Courier Journal set out to try to organize within the democratic party a volume sufficiently strong to impress Mr. Bryan and his friends that it was wiser of him to play Warwick than King, its purpose was not to divide, but to unite the party.

It was weary of factionism. It yearned for old-fashioned democratic brotherhood and an old-fashioned democratic victory. Mr. Bryan could not so see it. He refused to be impressed, and, with good reason, because the effort of the Courier-Journal received no answering voice.

The entire summer and autumn were wasted on tomfooling about "a dark horse." Did he have a mustache, wired Scott Bone? Was this blonde, or brunette joined in the chorus? Then it leaked out that the democrat in reserve was the governor of Minnesota, and, iterating a line in a famous old play, we had a great deal of guying which may have been humorous but was certainly illtimed about "a party by the name of Johnson."

It grew a trifle tiresome. Except to an angel it would have been exasperating. Yet, it seemed democracy. Gov. Johnson declared himself out of it. So did Gov. Folk. So did Senator Culbertson. The Courier-Journal was put in for the costs and left to hold the empty bag. Naturally, it threw up its hands in disgust and took to the woods. And then? Why, then, right out of the open mouth of Wall street, came a stentorian voice, "Johnson."

What chance would Johnson have over the dead body of Bryan? What chance would Johnson have carrying a Wall street tag? What chance would Johnson have using the undemocratic two-thirds rule to defeat the will of the majority and that at the behest of the East, defying the West and working for the South?

The thought is preposterous.

Mark the sequel. The time has passed for "some one else," Mr. Bryan retaining the field; it is too late for "some one else," the conditions what they are; and I confess that I am in sympathy with Mr. Bryan in refusing to be ruled off the track by a group of New York politicians, whose motives are, to say the least of them, suspicious, which will support no ticket except one framed by themselves, and which do not agree with one another touching the ticket to be named. Whatever his claims may be, or may not be, Mr. Bryan has his rights and no thoughtful man can or will say, that he cannot be elected, the ipse dixit of the unthinking, the interested and the prejudiced to the contrary being of no weight whatever.

But among democrats, who know why they are democrats, there ought to be other and higher considerations; some arrest of the breakneck speed on the highway toward the centralization of power; some real and not spurious purpose toward tariff reform, some sure separation of the high financiers; some breaking up of groups and rings, of wheels inside of wheels, always involved by a change of parties, even when made only for the sake of a change.

The Courier-Journal is a democrat, not a republican, and, standing by the sincerity of its record, it will support the ticket to be headed by Mr. Bryan, as actively and as earnestly as if it represented its original preference and opinion.

## Neil O'Connor Dead.

Word has been received here that Neil O'Connor died of tuberculosis, recently, in New Mexico, where he had been spending the winter for his health.

He formerly lived at Chesterfield and left here last summer. The deceased leaves a wife and two children.

John Keeley returned home last week.

## "Faithful Henry."

Now, there's trouble in the camp of the vigilant town board. Recently they issued an order to their faithful marshal, Henry Graham, to shoot a dog belonging to J. S. Shafer, upon which no tax had been paid. Henry sauntered forth, armed with a gun, a powder horn, caps, bullets and a shot pouch. He was going to shoot—and went forth to spy the dog who had no license to remain in our city.

Nay, not overnight could he remain, for the order had gone forth that the dog should die, and die he must. Finally, the faithful Henry came upon a dog who could give no satisfactory account of himself and Henry's gun was raised to his eye—he shot—the dog ran toward Jack Keeley's home and dropped at the doorstep.

The dog was dead; Henry shot it—Jack Keeley's faithful bird dog. Jack is asking the town board for \$40 as compensation for his dog.

## Strong Men May Wrestle.

P. S. Dotson was in town Saturday and showed himself to be something of a giant in strength. He held out at arms length a 14-pound sledge at the end of a long handle.

The ice man, Reigle, who has also shown considerable strength, held out the sledge arms length, and there is a spirit of rivalry between them.

Reigle wrestles some and so does Dotson, and it is rumored that they get together for a wrestling match. It will be worth seeing. We'd rather see it than a professional match, if it's going to be.

Mr. Dotson is from Missouri and they'll have to show him if they think they can put him on his back.

There's plenty of fellows, tho, who will stake the ice man.

## Happily Wedded.

A pretty wedding between Edward William Heelan and Miss Mary Alice Higgin, both of near Arabia, was solemnized Wednesday morning, May 6, 1908, in the Catholic church, Rev. Father Blaere officiating.

Wm. Morrissey was best man and Miss Winnie Keeley bridesmaid.

A reception was given at the home of the bride's parents, F. H. Higgin and wife, ten miles south-east of Valentine.

The young couple left this morning for the East where they expect to visit relatives a few weeks.

The DEMOCRAT extends sincerest congratulations and wishes them joy and happiness in life.

## State M. W. A. at Lincoln

The Sixth district caucus selected F. N. Morgan, Bassett, as chairman, and Wesley Tressler of Ogallala as secretary. The following delegates were selected to represent the Sixth district at the head camp: D. A. Sinclair, Butte; Dr. T. W. Bass, Broken Row; E. C. Cross, Miller; Joseph Oberfelder, Sidney; C. W. Frederick, St. Paul; L. C. Sparks, Valentine. Alternates: E. A. Walker, Stuart; Dr. M. E. Gooch, Crawford; C. W. Wallace, Shelton; Wesley Tressler, Ogallala; F. E. Pope, St. Paul; Ed. Stewart, Cody.

## Prefers Jail to Hiding.

Matthew Marshall, the half Indian and half Negro, who escaped from jail last fall, voluntarily returned a few days ago and gave himself up to Sheriff Rosseter who now has him in charge.

It was reported to us, shortly after his escape, that he had returned but this was a mistake.

He says he got tired hiding out and preferred to take what was coming to him and be free afterward.

Marshall faces the charge of assault and robbery.

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## Valentine's Pure Liquor Center

Public opinion is unerring, public confidence seldom misplaced. The true worth of every business concern to the community in which it operates is fixed by its clientele, the value-giving power of every commercial institution may be determined by the amount of patronage it receives. The people have unmistakably proclaimed their confidence in

## The Stock Exchange,

and its methods, by bestowing upon it a far greater patronage than that accorded any other place in Valentine. Where the major portion of the fair, the impartial, discriminating public buys its Liquor and Beer, must be a good place for You, the individual, to trade. Visit The Stock Exchange when you need anything in our line.

W. F. A. MELTENDORFF

THE DEMOCRAT FOR NEWS